

He make no words that smooth fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:

Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. He serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne again.

Lon. What saies Maria?

Mari. At the tweluemonths end,

I'll change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble suite attends thy answer there,

Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you my Lord Berowne,

Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue

Proclaimes you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wit.

To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,

And therewithall to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,

Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse

With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:

A iests prosperitie, lies in the care

Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,

Deaf with the clamors of their owne deare grones,

Will heare your idle scornes, continue then,

And I will haue you, and that fault withall.

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,

Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A tweluemonths Well: befall what will befall,

I'll iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:

Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courties

Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kim. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maicesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue,

I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquetta* to holde the

Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our shew.

Kim. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.
This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten straws,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose looks red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsher after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

O faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans reuennew.
Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep theselues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia:
Stand forth *Demetrius*.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:

Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With fainting voice, verses of fainting loue,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knackes, trifles, Noll-gaies, sweet meates (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)

To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,

Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;

One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe

By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.
The. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his iudgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.

Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthier happie is the Rose distill'd,

Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N

Her.